

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rook;
But my spirit, prompt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarry in that cooling tent,
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden spot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—Charles Edwin Markham, in Scribner's.

UNCLE TIP'S SUPPER.

By HATTIE WHITNEY.

YOU won't ferget the roastin'-years, Uncle Tip?"

"Naw, honey."
"Ner the simlins?"
"Naw, chile."
"An' you'll dig a big mess o' sweet potatoes to bake?"

"Yas, yas, sugar."
"An' cook all the other truck jest like I tole you, an' hev ever'thing ready percisely at six o'clock?"

"Yas, honey, yas."
Uncle Tip Tucket, who sat on a backless chair in the open passageway between two log rooms, looked a little bewildered and clutched at his scant locks as if to hold onto his memory ere it should give him the slip, as his niece rattled off her brisk catechism. He was a slow, amiable man, with mild, blinking eyes and wispy gray hair.

Izora Tucket, his niece, was all briskness, from her quick, black eyes to her long feet neatly laced into her well-polished best shoes. Her freshly done up pink lawn skirt set out around her, unyieldingly stiff and smooth with abundant starching and elaborate ironing, and rattled crisply when she moved; her white waist was like tin, every frill and fold sticking out with a sharp edge to it. Her light, thin hair was braided tightly and fastened very flatly against her head, and her best handkerchief was pinned smoothly around her neck.

"Izora, I can't find ary clean han'-kerchuf," drawled a plaintive voice from the room on the left of the passageway, and another girl appeared in the doorway, in a costume the counterpart of Izora's, excepting that the skirt was blue instead of pink. This second girl was younger than Izora, plumper, more deliberate of movement and softer of voice.

With a brisk movement Izora flashed past her into the room, like a pink and white streak, her skirts rustling starchily.

"Wish you'd a-said so before," she commented briskly, unlocking a trunk and lifting the lid of a box inside. "We ain't got any time to lose. I'd loan you my buff-border one; an' don't you crumple it up an' tie knots in it like you done with yourn last Sunday."

The plump girl blushed, and sat down upon the edge of the bed with its blue and white counterpane and stiff, square pillows, and was promptly pounced upon by Izora.

"Git up!" said she. "You're a-mussin' the kiverlid, Susan."

"Izora," said Susan, as she moved over to the window, "don't you reckon Uncle Tip'd kinder like to go 'long to the picnic, too?"

"Reckon so," responded Izora, who was giving her mind to the setting of her white straw hat, with its pink ribbons, straw loops, hnge, bobbing red rose and chunky bud, on the exact top of her head, where she secured it by jabbing a long pin through it and a strand of her hair.

"An' I don't see," pursued Susan, speculatively, "whut'd be the hurt."

"Susan Tucket, air you a idit?" demanded Izora, wheeling about.

"First place, whud' git supper? Ain't Gid Tompkins shore to be 'long with me, an' more'n likely Sam Bean with you, an' wouldn't he hev to rar' scootin' 'round like hoppergrasses a-cookin' supper 'stid of takin' it easy?"

An' second place, ain't that long-nosed old maid Clementyne Plummins bound to be there, an' ain't she got her yaller cat-eyes onto Uncle Tip, an' hed 'em there fer the last ten years? She'd of snapped him up like a jaybird does a bug, forty times over, ef it hedn't 'a' been fer me upsettin' her plots an' keepin' him out'n her way. He's wittin' enough to be snapped up, an' once git 'em at a picnic playin' 'Sister Phoebe' an' 'Two Tinkers,' an' they'd be engaged inside of a hour, I'll insure you. I ain't kep' 'em apart this long to let 'em git together at a picnic at last."

"Well, I do 'no," drawled Susan; "maybe they air that a-way. But whut of they was to? Clementyne ain't noways mean or fractious. Why, law! you kin 'most run over her ef you want to."

"That's all the further you kin see," returned Izora, scornfully; "not a cench beyond yer nose! Don't Clementyne an' her maw live alone, an' wouldn't her maw live whurever Clementyne did, an' wouldn't she be a-bossin' things lively 'round this house? An' do you an' me want a gre't big feather-bed of a step-aunt-in-

law, er whut-ever she'd be, a-runnin' things here?"

"I do 'no," began Susan again; "I—"

"I do," interrupted Izora, decisively.

"You ain't got gumption enough to pound sand. Come along; yonder's the sun, 'way up. We'll be late."

The fall was a very bountiful one that year, and seemed to hold all the sweetness of summer in its mellow clasp. Down in this out-of-the-way corner of Missouri no sign of frost had yet appeared, and the sun was mild and clear.

Uncle Tip Tucket stood in the log "lean-to" kitchen, surrounded by the generous offerings, freshly gathered, of the rich, well-cultivated soil of his thrifty garden. Great round, cushiony, crimson tomatoes; long, pink-red sweet potatoes; plump ears of corn in their silken, green husks; creamy marrow squashes; translucent pods of wax-beans; broad pods full of butter-beans; crookneck squashes and cucumbers, were piled about him in hunger-provoking profusion. And still Uncle Tip stood, with dismay in his face, staring perplexedly at his vegetable treasures.

"Did she say to fry the roastin'-years an' bile the tomatoses, er did she say stehw the sweet 'aters an' make soup out'n the simlins, er whnt, beats me! An' she'll be madder'n a wet hen ef I git 'em wrong. Whut's that?"

A ponderous step came up onto the porch, and the Widow Plummins, otherwise known as Aunt Dorcas, appeared at the kitchen door, with a large, black sunbonnet on and a teacup containing baking-soda in her hand. The widow was stout and slow of motion, and she puffed some from the climb up the steps.

"I've fetched back the sody Izora loaned me," she announced, setting the cup down. "I was a-passin' an' 'lowed it'd save another trip. Whut-ever's the matter, Uncle Tip? You look sort o' looney."

"Hit's the supper," explained Tip, dismally. "The gals is gone to the picnic, an' their beaux is comin' back with 'em; be yere at six, an' Izora she's so' on hev'n' supper all ready when they come. The's light bread enough—we can make out with—an' I kin cook ham an' make coffee; but looky yere at all this yere garden-truck, an' me like a ole woodchuck fergettin' how she say'd fer to cook it. Don't know no more'n that ole Brammer rooster out yander how ter fix the tomatoses, ner beans, ner nothin'."

Uncle Tip groaned, while Aunt Dorcas untied her black sunbonnet, sat down and laughed until her portly form fairly quaked.

"Uncle Tip," said she, "I know whut Izora is, I know whut you air, I know whut cookin' a meal o' vittles is, an' I b'leeve I know whut my simple Christen juty to a good neighbor-man is. Now, you run an' split me up some good, dry kin'lin's, fill up the wood-box, fetch me a bucket of water, an' I'll hev ever'thing goin' before you kin bat your eyes twicet, an' mix a pan of sody biskit in the bargain."

The widow seized a gingham apron of Izora's, tied it about her ample waist, rolled up her black calico sleeves, and in a very moderate space of time had the big coffee-boiler steaming, the vegetables baking, stewing, frying or boiling, according to their various requirements, a huge skillet of ham sputtering on the stove and a panful of bouncing big biscuits all ready for the oven.

As for Uncle Tip, he was in an ecstasy of delight, skipping about to render what assistance he could, doing the widow's behests with gleeful alacrity, and commenting upon the proceedings with wonder and joy.

"Don't it beat you," he observed, gazing upon the clouds of steam from the various kettles and saucepans with fascinated eyes, "how slick things'll go when anybuddy takes a holt 'at knows how? Jest look at them tomatoses a-bubblin' up thick an' red, an' smell them roastin'-years, an' listen at the ham a-sizzlin'—an' them biskits! Never seen sich big, nice, soft-lookin' biskits—mind I tell ye."

"I'm allus used to makin' biskits that a-way," said the widow, "cauz me an' Clementyne don't ary o's much like crus'."

"Ner me, neither," said Uncle Tip. "Now," said Mrs. Plummins at last, as she sat the coffee-pot down on the hearth, "hit's mighty near time fer the young folks to be polin' along home. I'll fix the gravy, an' then I reckon you kin dish up when they git yere, an' I'll be getting back."

Uncle Tip's air of pleased animation vanished, and he groaned more dismally than he had before the widow rescued him from his troubles.

"Aunt Dorcas," said he, "I wish ye wouldn't go 'fore supper—an' I wish ye wouldn't go after supper—an' an' far as that goes, I wish ye wouldn't go at all, I do fer shore. Look a-here, Aunt Dorcas," the little man continued to rush on, as if, having given expression to his feelings, he was unable to control them, "I ain't never ast no-buddy to hev me sence pore Pameley died; not but whut I've 'lowed sometimes 'at I'd kinder like to, 'n' I hev sort o' east a eye at Clementyne once in awhile, but 'peared like es of one thing another 'ud keep a-happenin' to spile it. Ever' time I'd fix fer it somethin' 'ud up an' knock it in the head; I couldn't never git half a chance to see her, an' looked like I never would. But after all, I reckon Clementyne's a leetle too young fer me. Now you an' me is purty closet of a age; 'pears to me like es ef we was plum suited to one another. I know there couldn't no one suit me so good a-makin' biskits, an' no one wouldn't chop kin'lin's an' pack water ter you cheerfuller'n whut I would. 'Sposin' we's to jine han's fer good, me an' you—will ye, Dorcas?"

"Well," said Aunt Dorcas, with due deliberation, "'bein' es you're so handy at gittin' kin'lin' an' the like, an' we both take to the same kind of biskits, an' my cookin' seems to suit you so good, I mout think of it."

Uncle Tip hopped a foot high in his delight, and then caught the stout widow around the waist.

"Looky yere, Dorcas," said he, "don't go an' spile it by thinkin' about it. Let's light right out over to the minister's yander an' be all fixed time the gals gits back. Somethin' 'll hender shore, ef we put it off, mind I tell you. Ain't I tole ye how I couldn't even git no courtin' done? An' things'll git crossways somehow, ef we wait a minute, I 'most know. Come, let's run right over."

"But Clementyne," demurred the widow. "She'll git home from the picnic an' be skeered to not find no one there."

"She'll hev to pass right by the parsonage on her way," said Uncle Tip, "an' ef we don't see her ourselves, we'll get 'em to watch fer her an' tell her to come right over 'fore she goes home. Come, now, sugar, clap on yore bonnet an' let's scoot right off; we'll fasten the kitchen door an' run an' git married an' be back in time to dish up together. Oh, honey, ef you don't I'll be so mizzable I'll jest natchelly bust up and go to pieces."

The widow was not proof against such eloquence as this.

Six o'clock came, and the girls, arriving punctually with their escorts, beheld Aunt Dorcas emerging from the kitchen with a great platter of fried ham surrounded by rich red-brown thickened gravy, while Uncle Tip came skipping after, beaming benignly, and bearing in each hand a plate heaped with the big biscuits. The table was spread in the open passageway, and from the center thereof arose a mountain of corn, boiled on the cob, the long ears even, white, succulent and extremely tempting. Alongside stood a large yellow bowl full of stewed tomatoes, thick, dark red and fragrant with seasoning of spices and tender green peppers. A huge glass dish hard by was piled brimful of sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and onions, with dressing of vinegar, salt and black pepper. Turkeys of great fat butter-beans, puffed up with the buttery richness beneath their pale green coats, jostled and crowded dishes of well-seasoned cream-colored marrow squash. Plates of sugary, baked sweet potatoes, bowls of savory succotash, and sections of deep gold crooknecks, baked to gazy perfection and piled upon platters, filled every space. The dessert of late-ripened carmine velvet peaches and sweet netted cantaloupes seemed almost a superfluity amidst the abundance of vegetable luxury.

Miss Clementyne Plummins was setting the chairs about the table with cheerful energy.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," greeted Uncle Tip, jovially. "Lemme first interduce ye to my wife, Mrs. Tip Tucket, Widder Plummins that was, and my darter Clementyne; an' the 'all pitch in an' eat—eat hearty. An' ef this yere meal of vittles does come a leetle grain ahead of time, hit's a Thanksgivin' dinner an' supper all in one to this ole boy, fer I'm thankful to a good, kind Providence, plum' from head to heel, firstly for a mighty good wife, an' secondly fer a mighty good supper. Now light in."

The young men stepped forward as Uncle Tip finished his little speech, shook hands all around with a hearty good-will, wisked the newly married pair "much joy," and sat down to the table, according to the invitation.

Susan laid aside her hat, and with placidly smiling visage kissed her new aunt and uncle and embraced Clementyne with cousinly cordiality, took a seat beside Mr. Bean, and helped herself to a large ear of corn. Susan was not given to violent amazement under any circumstances.

The host and hostess next seated themselves, and in the slight attending confusion, no one observed the movements of Izora, who popped into the left-hand room, pitched her hat

upon the bed, and staid grinding her heel into the innocent rag carpet and punching a hole in the plastering of the wall with her parasol. Her eyes snapped.

"Talk of plum idiots!" she ground out viciously. "I'd take first prize at the biggest booby show ever was—a-plottin' like I done to keep him from goin' to the picnic an' meetin' Clementyne, an' yere he's stayed right home and married Clementyne's maw, slick es a whistle, a million times worse'n ef he'd a married Clementyne herself—shucks take it! Why didn't I keep an eye out that a-way, 'stid of watchin' Clementyne so closet? Well, Izory Tucket, bein' you ain't got the sense of a good-sized June-bug, I reckon you better go out an' wish 'em much joy, an' eat your supper—an' mind yer own business from right now."—Farm and Fireside.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good conscience is better capital than a large bank account.

The golden rule exactly fits into every honest business transaction.

This is a cold world, and if you don't work you'll surely freeze to death.

What if it is midnight? Every stroke of the clock brings morning nearer.

It was because Job devoted all his time to walking upright that he succeeded so well.

You can see a lot more human nature in the average street car than you can in a Turkish bath.

A man never knows all his mother has been to him until it is too late to let her know that he sees it.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

Nothing suits a cross man more than to find a button off his coat when his wife has not time to sew it on.

The man who is determined to have peace, even if he has to fight for it, generally gets it without fighting.

Next to rolling of a log, the easiest thing is to tell other people how they ought to bring up their children.

When a man of opposite views readily agrees with you, you have either succeeded in convincing or tiring him.

To desire what is impossible, and to be insensible to the troubles of others, are two great maladies of the soul.

He who learns the rules of wisdom without conforming to them in his life is like a man who plows his field but does not sow.

There are multitudes of people in our churches who, if knocked off their "spiritual standing," would not fall far enough to break any bones.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship or after it is, first, respect for her, as she is a woman; and next to that to be respected by him above all other women.

Attacked by Muskrats.

Charles Kellogg, son of Town Clerk Ethan B. Kellogg, of Haron, N. Y., while returning home from a neighboring dry-house on Tuesday evening at about 8 o'clock, through the lower end of Servant's wood lot, the upper end of which was on fire, was greatly surprised to feel some small animal spring upon his feet and give him a vicious bite in the leg. It was too dark to see what his assailant was, but he kicked it and struck it with his walking stick. Instead of being frightened away, it promptly returned to the attack, and with it apparently came a dozen or fifteen more of its kind. Kellogg kicked and struck at his assailants, but in the darkness was unable to see just where to strike or what effect his blows were producing, and was constantly receiving fresh bites about the ankles and legs. A few minutes of this kind of warfare convinced him that discretion was much the better part of valor, and he took to his heels. On his arrival home he was found to be bleeding from over twenty different bites.

Soon after daylight, armed with a shotgun, Kellogg visited the scene of the battle, and there found the bodies of four dead muskrats, and the soft ground was almost completely covered with their tracks. They had apparently been driven by drought and the fire from their holes in the swamp, and were migrating to Rice's Creek, a half mile farther west. Kellogg will be laid up for a number of days.—New York Sun.

Dangers of a Home-Made Cap.

It was his wearing of an old-fashioned home-made cap of woodchuck skin instead of a more modern head-gear that caused the death of Roscoe Gatio, a resident of one of New York's suburbs, recently. Gatio, while walking across lots to his work, stopped beside a stone wall to eat an apple. The wall was not quite as high as he was, so that only his cap showed above the top. Hugh Aites, who was hunting, came along on the other side of the wall, and the cap caught his eye. Not doubting for an instant that it was a woodchuck, he raised his rifle and fired. The "woodchuck" disappeared, and Aites hastened to secure his prize, but was horrified when he found that he had shot a man through the head instead of an animal, as he had supposed he was firing at.—Detroit Free Press.

A fool's company is not hard to find. Opinions never change the weather. Honesty has never found a substitute.

Gold loses its shine when it is gotten by guilt.

The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.

A giant among giants is not aware of his own size.

The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

No man ever gets discouraged in trying to live without working.

Woman is a lovely dream—and dreams always go by contraries.

Everybody says "Go up higher" to the man who is "getting there."

Call a little man great and other little people will throw up their hats.

Absence sometimes makes the heart grow fonder—of some other person.

To get the good out of the years we must learn how to live each hour well.

A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

Love may be blind, but it can smell the cloves on a man's breath just the same.

Patience may roost on monuments, but truth seldom finds a place on tombstones.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn, he can afford to stop praying.

The man who figures on marrying an heiress often finds he isn't well up in mathematics.

Some men are like a bass drum—they make lots of noise, but there's nothing in them.

Kites to Be Life Savers.

Kites have been called upon to do many things of late, and now they are expected to save life at sea. With a vessel hard aground on a lee shore, all her boats either smashed or carried away, and a gale of wind blowing so hard that neither lifeboats nor life-lines can reach her, the usual ending of such a marine disaster is the loss of the entire ship's company.

But Dr. F. W. Riehl, of San Francisco, thinks he can prevent such fatalities in the future by calling kites to the aid of the storm-beset mariners. He recently gave an exhibition of the practical working of his idea from the deck of the battleship Oregon in San Francisco bay.

At the time of the test a good breeze was blowing, which speedily carried the kite well up in the air and away from the vessel. Donning a bathing suit, Dr. Riehl wrapped his clothing in a waterproof cloth and threw the bundle overboard. As it floated down wind he hauled in on the kite line, throwing the slack overboard. He then jumped overboard, took a turn of the line around his body, and, pulled along by the kite, went to leeward after his bundle of clothing. A twenty-minute test of the device seemed to prove that the inventor's claims were well founded. A report of the experiment will be forwarded to Washington by the officers of the Oregon.

Dr. Riehl asserts that his kite would take a man or a rope ashore through breakers in which a boat could not live. Of course if the wind was off shore the kite would be of no use, but statistics prove, he asserts, that in ninety cases out of one hundred in the event of shipwrecks the direction of the wind has been toward the land.—New York Press.

Lynched by Swallows.

A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While Franklin Butler and Orla Albertson were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last.—Grand Rapids Herald.

An Odd Contention.

Canon Streatfield, of the English church, has declined a parish because the trustees disapproved of his intention to preach not in a black gown, but in his surplice. A year ago the point was seriously argued in a court of law that the surplice was alone the legal vestment of the clergy in the pulpit, and that the use of the black gown was an irregularity, and that therefore a bequest left for the maintenance of a church at Eastbourne, conditional on the use of the black gown in the pulpit, was valid, notwithstanding the abandonment of the black gown for the surplice. The court, however, scouted the contention.